3/29/71

Dear Harold,

Very luckily, I was able to see your show in NY this Saturday.

First, let me say about your two opponants that I have never before seen such an outragous and disgusting display of discourtesy and disrespect in my life.

The reason for my being in NY was for a very ritzy Bar Mitzva. My understanding father gave me the OK to bring along our little Sony TV which can run without cord. At the right time, I just slipped away with a (girl)friend, went to the car and watched the show, tuxedo and all.

I tuned in while Huie was on and got to see all of Dwyre(?). From my conversations with you, I could see that most of what they were saying was bullshit. I saw all of what they gave you, which was a sham and which, I am sure was cut for in at least 2 instances where Bandy agreed to let you make a point, that point was not aired.

I was very sorry that you lost your temper as you did, although it is hard to imagine not having lost it in those circumstances. But why were you not out there when they were speaking if they could be around (to virtually ruin your presenation) when you were speaking. Obviously, they carried on like that to save their own skins, for whenever you could get in a point of fact, you screwed them.

I cringed when Huie went off, calling you a quack, a charlaten, a fake, and whatever. If it were worth it and if you could do it, he should be sued. That was slander as I've never seen it. But it is neither worth it nor can you do it now.

It seemed that both Bandy and the audience were on your side, at least in your sympathy. Bandy I can see. I wonder about the audience though; I think their sympathy might have been rooted in the fact that you both shared a "left-of-center" political orientation.

I missed about the last five minutes, so I don't know if anything dramatic transpired then. I found the show very frustrating and insulting, as you must have in the extreme. I wonder if the average viewer could sift out just what was transpiring and see, above all the shouts and insults, that you had them on their every assertion and that they never once disputed you factually.

Aagh! May projectiles always be bullets and women a little pregnant.

Howard

P.S.- Thanks for getting that message to me.